

C. C. P.

DYNAMIC COMICS

NO. 1
10c

THE
WORLD'S
GREATEST
COMICS





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



The DREAMS OF DOZENS OF POOR BOYS WERE TURNED INTO A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE THAT THREATENED TO BLAST THEM INTO OBLIVION! HOW COULD THEIR GREED-CRAZED BENEFACTOR DISGUISE THE ATROCITY AS AN ACCIDENT? **DYNAMIC MAN** AND **DYNAMIC BOY** PLUNGED INTO THE CONSPIRACY WITH TWO STRIKES AGAINST THEM BUT WITH FEARLESS DETERMINATION TO EXPOSE A VICIOUS RACKET!

DYNAMIC MAN

COACH BERT MC QUADE AND HIS KID BROTHER JOIN THE GAY CROWD AT A CHARITY AFFAIR.....

WHAT A MOB, RICKY. MISTER BROOM WILL RAISE ANOTHER THOUSAND TO-NIGHT!

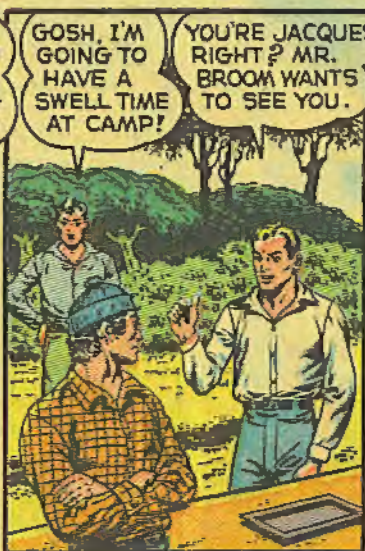
I'VE RAISED AN APPETITE ALREADY, COACH. LET'S GO!



WHAT A FEAST!

DROP YOUR TRAY, COACH! MR. BROOM IS IN TROUBLE OVER THERE!





AFTER TEN. IF HE PAYS ME BACK,
I'LL TURN HIM OVER TO THE COPS
BEFORE HE CAN SKIP!



STOP!

TOO BAD YOU TRIP
IN DARK, MISTER!
THEY SAY YOU FALL
AND BREAK NECK!



COP COMIN' BUT HE DON'T
SEE ME. I GOT ALL PAPERS
FROM THEES MAN'S WALLET!



AT NOON THE NEXT DAY--!

YOU'VE HIDDEN
YOUR DYNAMIC
BOY SUIT IN THE
BAG, RICKY, IN
CASE I HAVE
TO CALL YOU?

RIGHT, THAT
UNIDENTIFIED
DEAD MAN
THEY FOUND
LOOKS
SUSPICIOUS!



HOW COME MR.
BROOM WASN'T
AROUND WHEN
WE LEFT?

I AIN'T
WORRIED,
KID. HE
GAVE ME
A CHECK FOR
THIS TRIP!



BEFORE THE BUS REACHES CAMP BROOM
PASSES ANOTHER WORTHLESS CHECK!

BUT YOU'LL NEED FOOD,
BLANKETS AND ATHLETIC
EQUIPMENT FOR THE
KIDS!

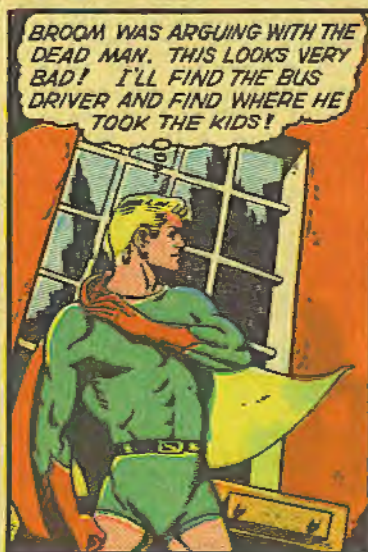
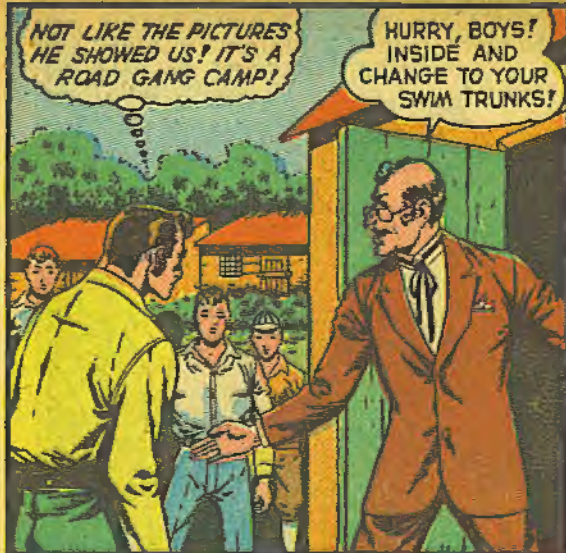
A TRUCK'S
BRINGING ALL
THAT. HERE'S
YOUR RENT FOR
THE FIRST MONTH,
COLEMAN!

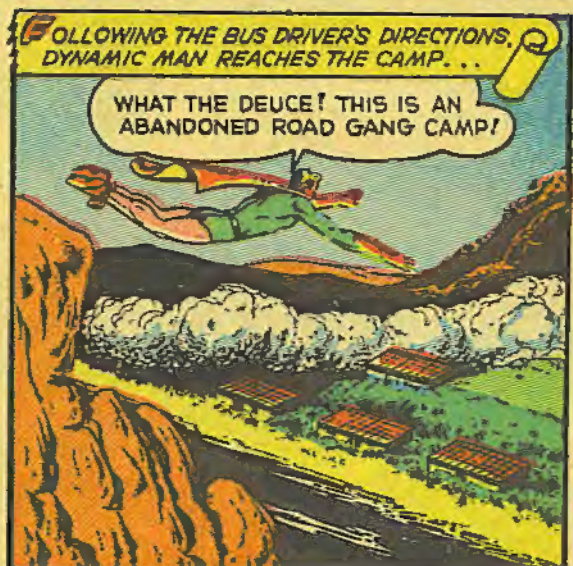


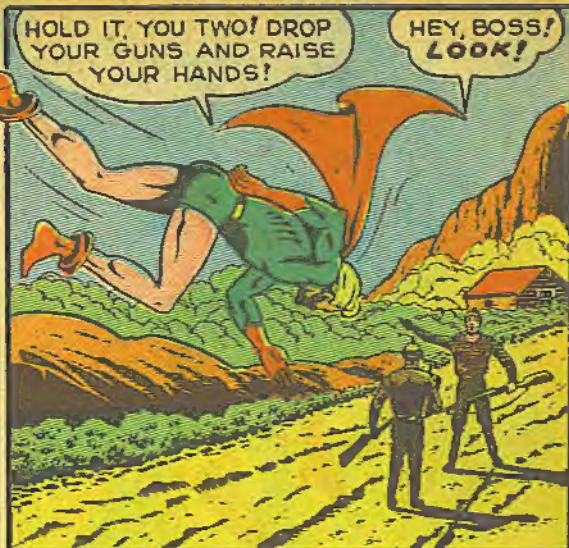
YOU TAKE CRAZY
CHANCE, BOSS,
WITH THOSE
KEEDS!

IF I HADN'T, I
WOULDN'T BE
GETTING A BIG
CHECK FROM THAT
RICH DAME TO-NIGHT!











Horrible death
descends on an
Arizona ghost town
where **The Echo**
and **Dr. Doom** are
on a mission of
mercy. How can
The Echo's amazing
power of ventriloquism
combat a menace
that flutters
fearlessly through
blazing gunfire?

NO WONDER
THEY CALL THIS
A GHOST TOWN.
CORA EVERYONE
IS OFF THE
STREET BY
SUNSET.

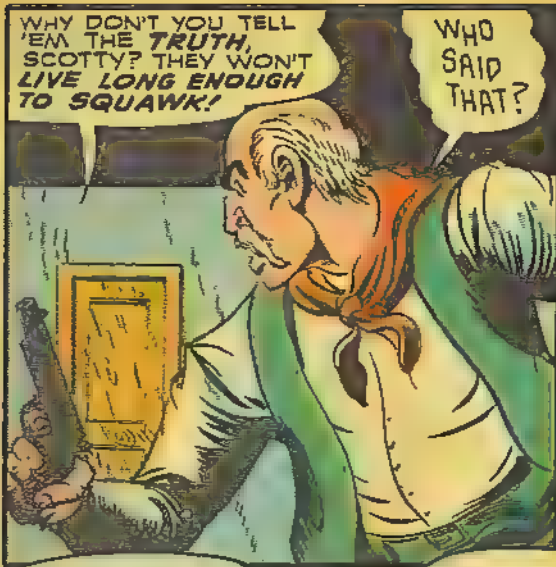
MUST BE
A REASON.
ECHO!
THEY'RE
AFRAID
OF SOMETHING!

LOOK! THERE'S
A MEXICAN IN
THAT DOORWAY!
PERHAPS HE
CAN TELL US
WHAT'S
COOKIN'!

HE MUST
BE DRUNK
OR ASLEEP!







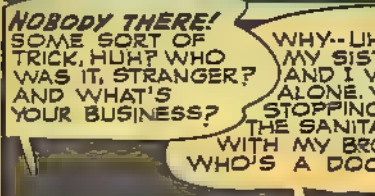
WHY DON'T YOU TELL 'EM THE **TRUTH**, SCOTTY? THEY WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO **SQUAWK!**

WHO SAID THAT?



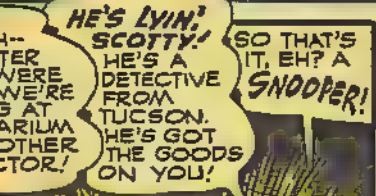
YOU THREW YOUR VOICE TO SEE WHAT HE'D DO?

YES, BUT I CAN'T **PROVE** ANYTHING YET!



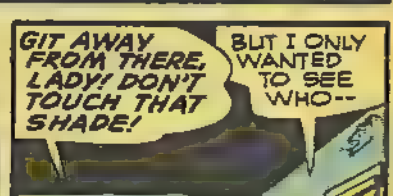
NOBODY THERE! SOME SORT OF TRICK, HUH? WHO WAS IT, STRANGER? AND WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?

WHY--UH-- MY SISTER AND I WERE ALONE. WE'RE STOPPING AT THE SANITARIUM WITH MY BROTHER WHO'S A DOCTOR!



HE'S LYIN', SCOTTY! HE'S A DETECTIVE FROM TUCSON. HE'S GOT THE GOODS ON YOU!

SO THAT'S IT, EH? A **SNOOPER!**



GIT AWAY FROM THERE, LADY! DON'T TOUCH THAT SHADE!

BUT I ONLY WANTED TO SEE WHO--



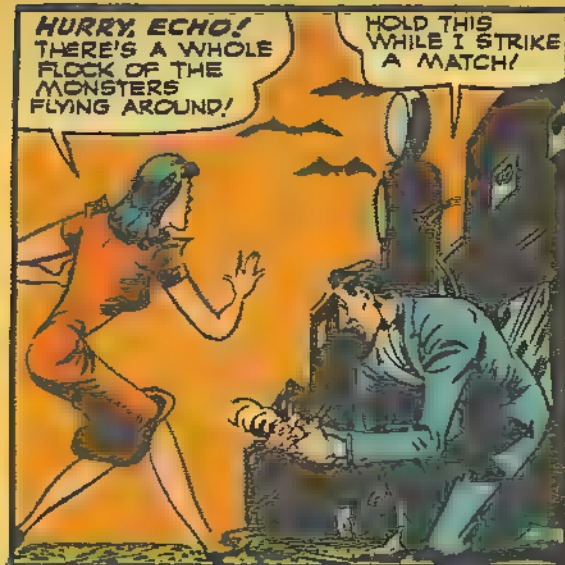
THAT FOOL OUTSIDE HAS MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE, SHERIFF SCOTTY!

MAYBE--BUT I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES! GIT OUTSIDE, BOTH OF YOU!



WE WERE SAFE IN THERE, ECHO, UNTIL YOU SPOILED IT! NOW WHAT?

I SAW SOME GREASY RAGS BACK BY THE GAS PUMP. WE'LL MAKE TORCHES AND DASH FOR THE SANITARIUM!



HURRY, ECHO!
THERE'S A WHOLE
FLOCK OF THE
MONSTERS
FLYING AROUND!

HOLD THIS
WHILE I STRIKE
A MATCH!



IT'S MORE THAN
A MILE! THINK
WE CAN
MAKE IT?

WE MIGHT BREAK
INTO THE BUILDING
FOR THE NIGHT, BUT
THAT WOULDN'T SOLVE
THE MYSTERY! **LET'S
GO, CORA!**



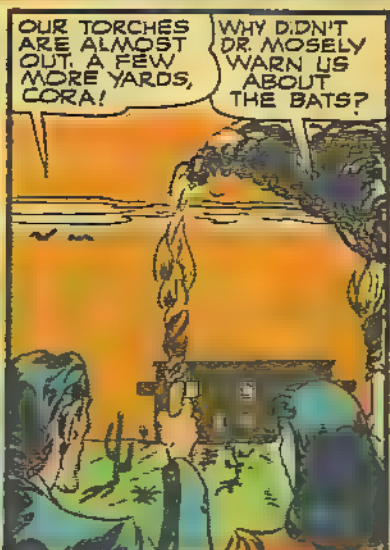
WHY DID YOU
SUSPECT
THE SHERIFF?

DR. MOSELY
TOLD ME
SCOTT WAS
A RUSTLER
YEARS AGO, AND
COULDN'T BE
TRUSTED!



WHO ARE
THOSE TWO
RUNNING
FIGURES
CARRYING
TORCHES,
DR. MOSELY?

**GOOD GRIEF,
DR. DOOM!**
THEY'RE YOUR
BROTHER AND
SISTER! I
TOLD THEM
TO RETURN
BEFORE SUNDOWN!



OUR TORCHES
ARE ALMOST
OUT. A FEW
MORE YARDS,
CORA!

WHY DIDN'T
DR. MOSELY
WARN US
ABOUT
THE BATS?



THANK HEAVENS
YOU'RE **SAFE!**
DIDN'T ANYONE
TELL YOU TO BE
BACK BY **SUNDOWN?**

NO, DR. MOSELY.
NO ONE
WARNED US.



OH, DOC! I THOUGHT
WE'D **NEVER** ESCAPE
THOSE HUGE, DREADFUL
BATS! WE FOUND A
MEXICAN WHO HAD
BEEN KILLED BY ONE!

BATS? NOBODY
TOLD ME THERE
WERE DANGEROUS
BATS IN THIS
LOCALITY!

HEY, DOC! YOUR BATS ARE STILL HANGING AROUND! HOW KIN WE DRIVE 'EM OFF?

THAT LUNATIC COOK-- CALLS THE BATS *MINE!*



YOU SOUNDED JUST LIKE THE COOK, TOO, ECHO!

ECHO'S RIGHT! STAND GUARD BY THE JONES BOY ON THE SUNDECK, WARD C-- WHILE ECHO AND I SEARCH MOSELY'S LAB, CORA!



YOU AND DR. DOOM ARE THE FIRST VISITORS I'VE HAD IN THREE YEARS! WHY DID YOU COME HERE?

DR. DOOM WAS SENT HERE BY THE TRUSTEES TO FIND OUT WHY SO MANY OF YOU CHILDREN DIE AND SO FEW GET WELL.

D.D YOU EVER SEE ANY BATS IN DR. MOSELY'S LABORATORY?

YEAH-- SURE! BACK WHEN I COULD WALK,

HE USED TO KEEP CAGES FULL OF 'EM!



WHY WASN'T YOUR BED ROLLED INSIDE TONIGHT, SONNY?

DR. MOSELY TOLD THE NURSE-- *OH!* **WHAT'S THAT HUGE THING FALLING ON US?**



CALL THE ECHO, SONNY! SCREAM AS LOUD AS YOU CAN!



SO THAT FOOL KID TALKED, EH? WELL, YOU WON'T!

DON'T BET ON THAT, MOSELY! **TRIP HIM, DOC!**



WHY DIDN'T YOU ANSWER THEIR CRIES, NURSE?

I DIDN'T DARE. DR. MOSELY ALLOWS NO ONE OUTSIDE AFTER DARK!

THAT'S ONE OF 'EM! ANY MORE AROUND, CORA?



THAT'S THE ONLY ONE, ECHO! WHERE IS DR DOOM?

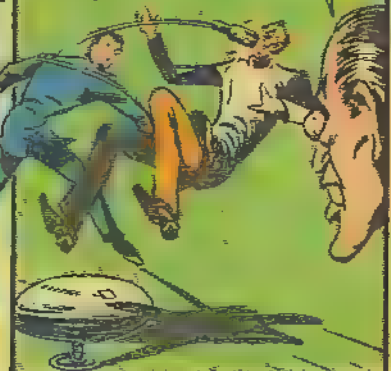
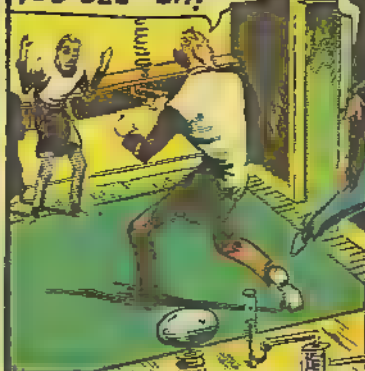
DOWNSTAIRS-- WITH A GUN IN DR MOSELY'S BACK I HOPE WHEEL THE BOY'S BED INSIDE AND MEET US BELOW!

--AND OF COURSE THE STUPID TRUSTEES WOULD CLOSE THIS SANITARIUM IF THE BATS DROVE EVERYONE FROM THE VILLAGE! YOU SEE--UH?

RECKON YOU KIN PROVE HE'S GUILTY, ECHO?

GRAB HIS GUN, DOC. SHERIFF'S PROBABLY SOUND ASLEEP!

ECHO! THAT VOICE EVEN FOOLED ME!



INSTEAD OF CURING THESE POOR KIDS, YOU CROSS-BRED BATS TO DEVELOP A MONSTER SPECIES THEY HANG MURDERERS IN THIS STATE!

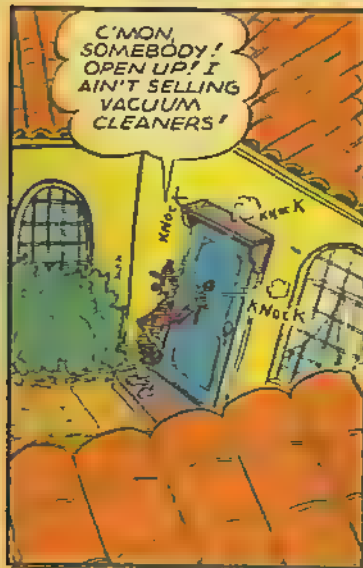
NO! NO! I'LL GIVE YOU A HALF-INTEREST! YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE LOST GOLD VEIN IF YOU EXPOSE ME!

WHEN WE'VE EXTERMINATED YOUR BATS, WE'LL FIND THE LOST VEIN BENEATH THIS BUILDING! THE PROCEEDS WILL GO TO THE CHARITY YOU SOUGHT TO RUIN!

TAKE MY CAR AND BRING BACK THE SHERIFF, ECHO! AND DRIVE LIKE A BAT OUT OF YOU-KNOW-WHERE!



IMA SLOOTH

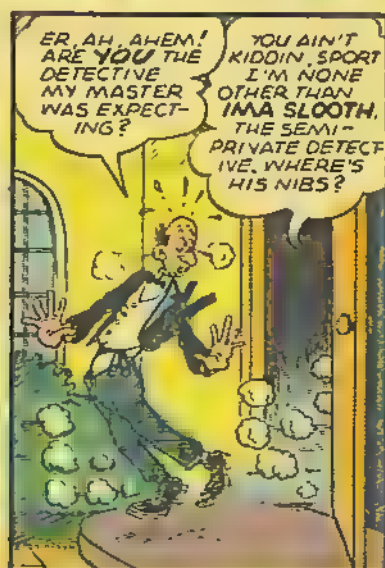


C'MON, SOMEBODY! OPEN UP! I AIN'T SELLING VACUUM CLEANERS!



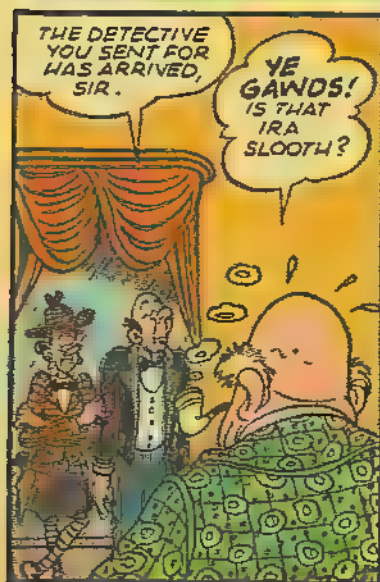
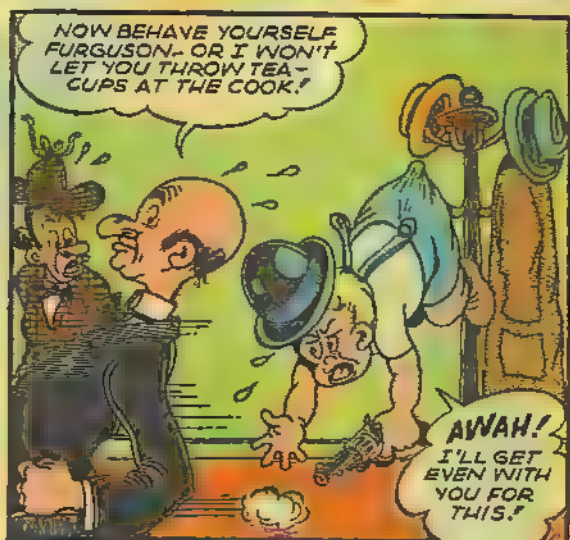
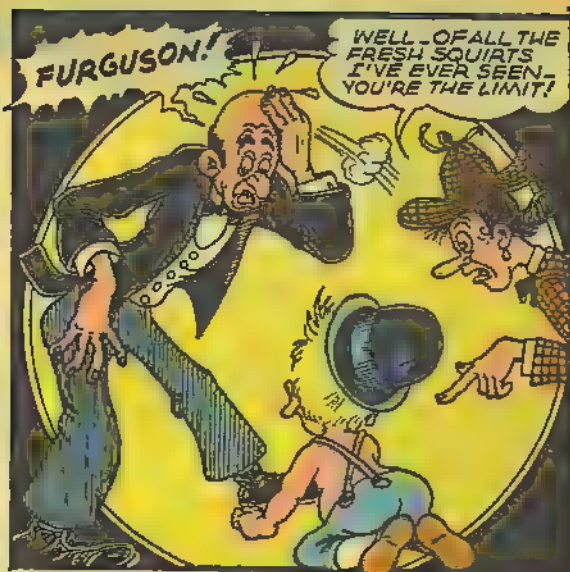
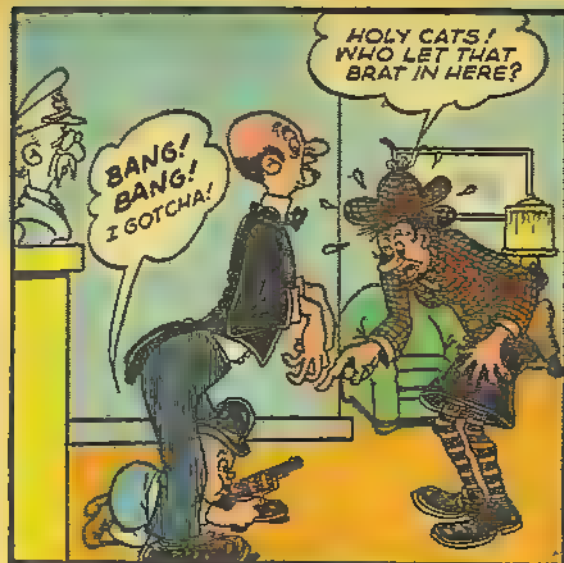
ALL GOODS MUST BE DELIVERED AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE, MADAM.

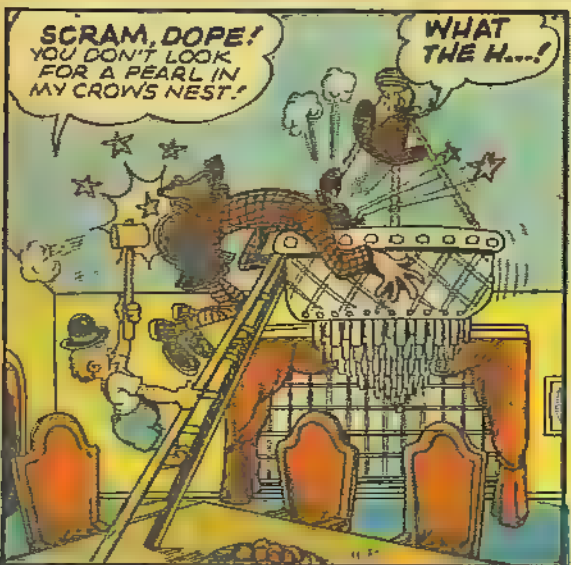
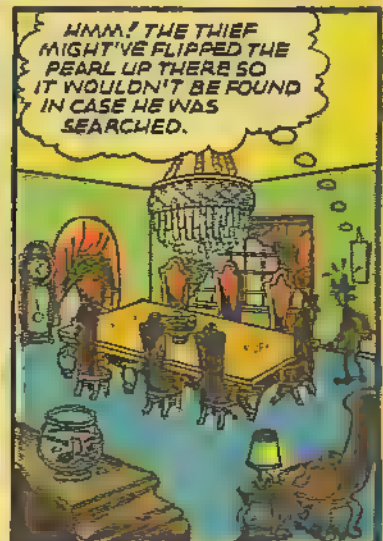
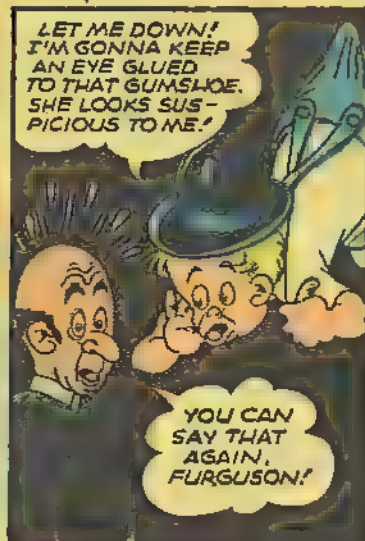
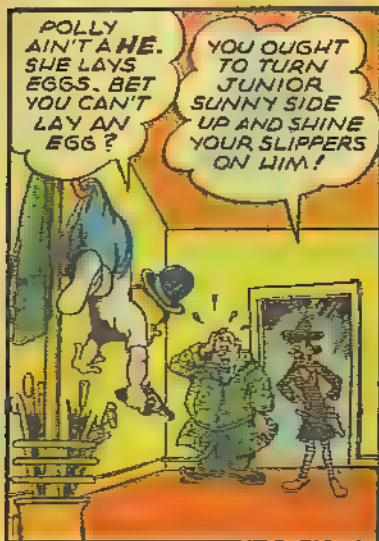
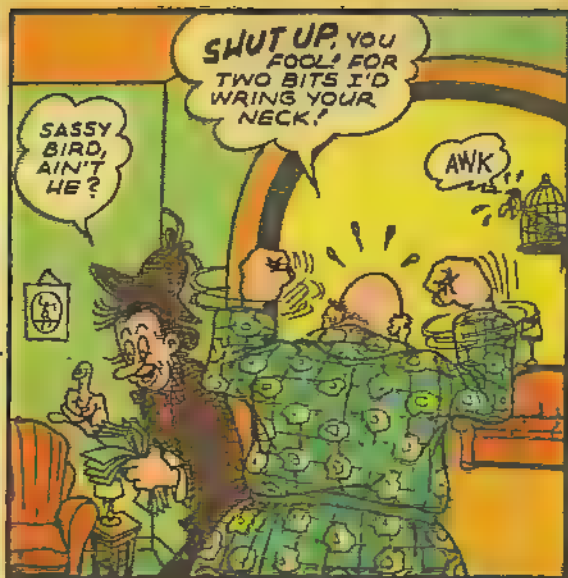
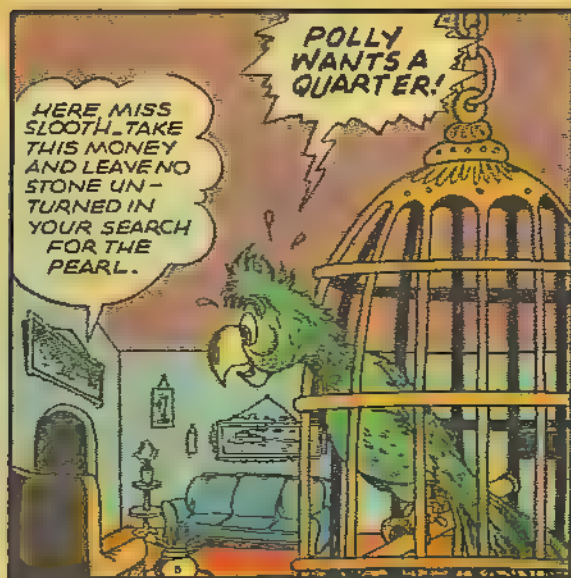
DON'T JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS, PERKINS. I AIN'T GOT THE GOODS ON ANYBODY YET, BUT WHEN I DO, I WON'T BRING IT THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.

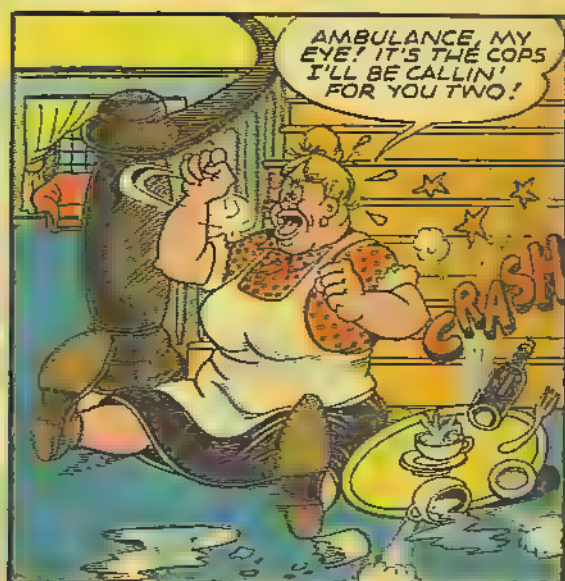
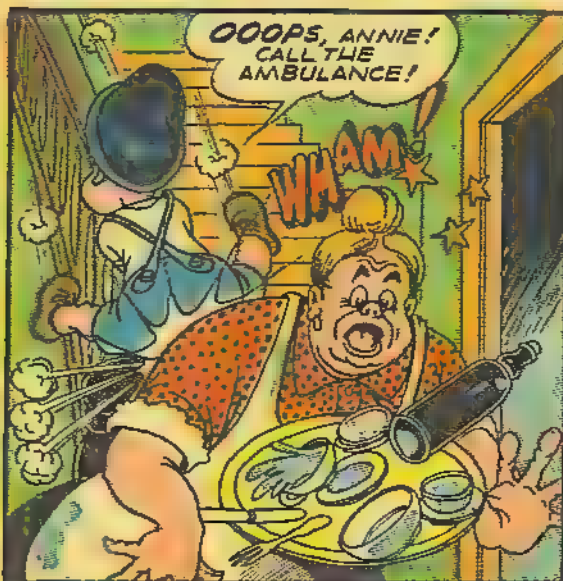
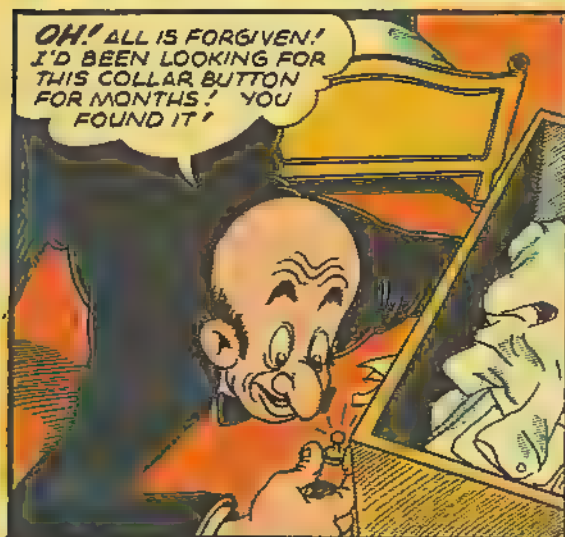
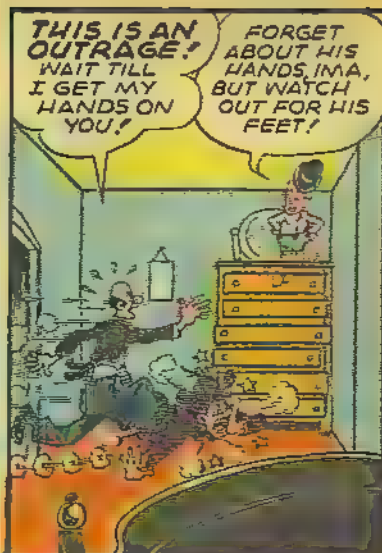
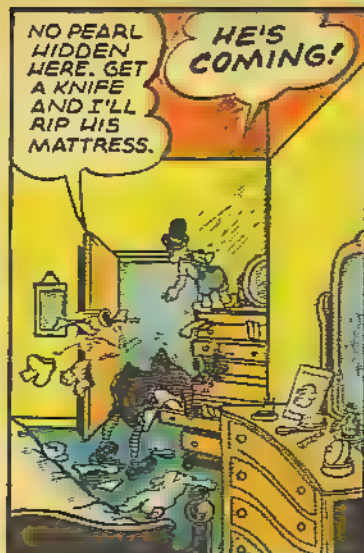
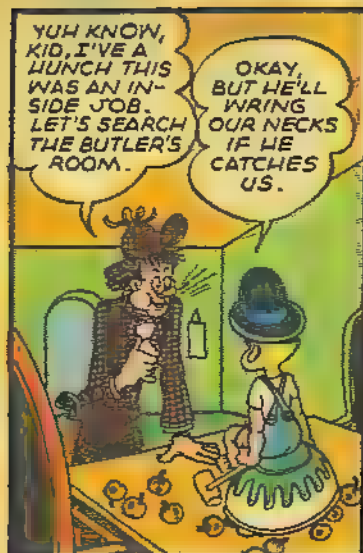


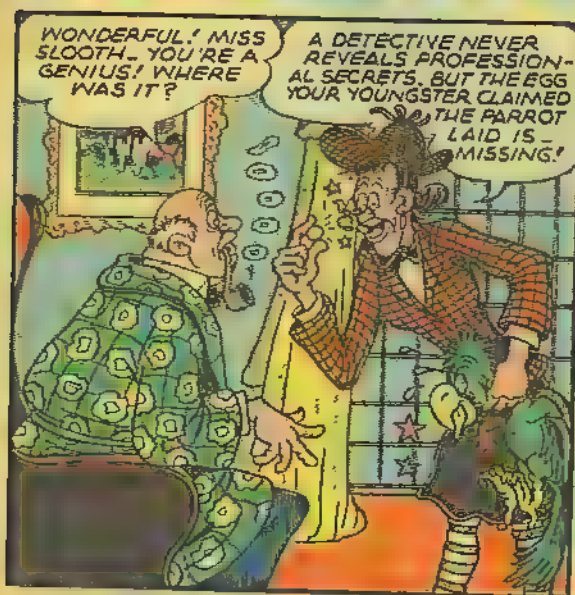
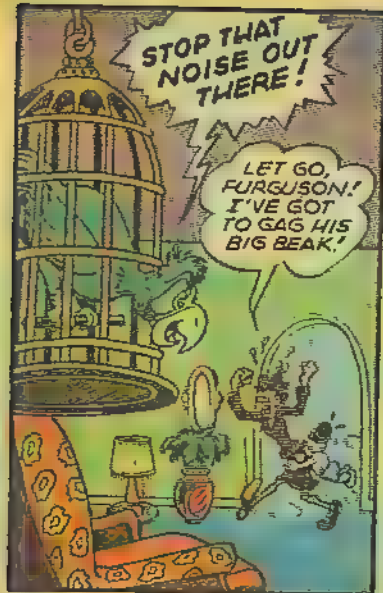
ER, AH, AH, AH! ARE YOU THE DETECTIVE MY MASTER WAS EXPECTING?

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', SPORT I'M NONE OTHER THAN IMA SLOOTH, THE SEMI-PRIVATE DETECTIVE. WHERE'S HIS NIBS?









STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF DYNAMIC Comics, published Quarterly at St. Louis, Missouri, for March 1, 1945

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harry A. Chesler, who having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Business Manager of the Flying Cadet Publishing Co. Inc. and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Flying Cadet Publishing Co., Inc., 50 Main St., Succasunna N. J., Editor, Will Harr, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C., Business Manager, Harry A. Chesler, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: Flying Cadet Publishing Co., Inc., 50 Main St., Succasunna, N. J., Harry A. Chesler, Jr., On leave with U. S. Army, Betty Chesler, Succasunna N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1945.

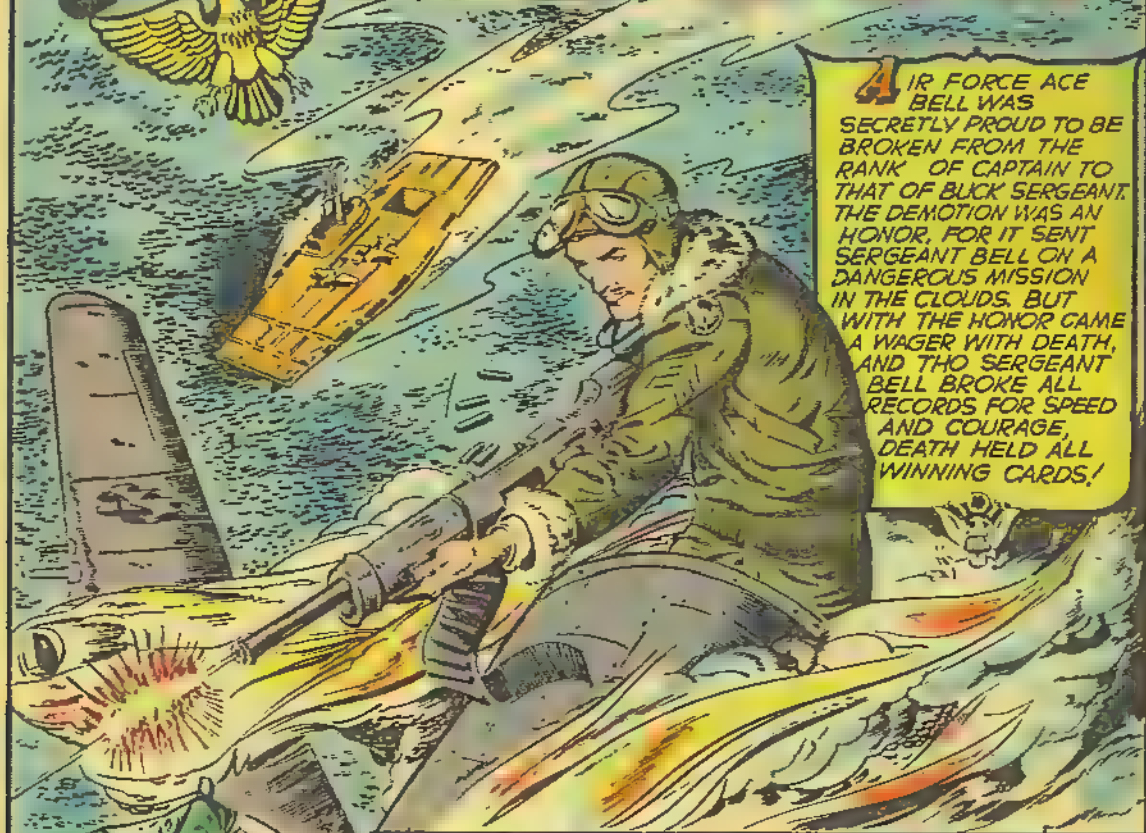
JOSEPH BELL

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1947)

(SEAL)

(Signed) HARRY A. CHESLER,
Business Manager

Serg't BELL



AIR FORCE ACE BELL WAS SECRETLY PROUD TO BE BROKEN FROM THE RANK OF CAPTAIN TO THAT OF BUCK SERGEANT. THE DEMOTION WAS AN HONOR, FOR IT SENT SERGEANT BELL ON A DANGEROUS MISSION IN THE CLOUDS. BUT WITH THE HONOR CAME A WAGER WITH DEATH, AND TWO SERGEANT BELL BROKE ALL RECORDS FOR SPEED AND COURAGE. DEATH HELD ALL WINNING CARDS!



OKAY, CAPTAIN BELL. GET INTO THIS SERGEANT'S UNIFORM!

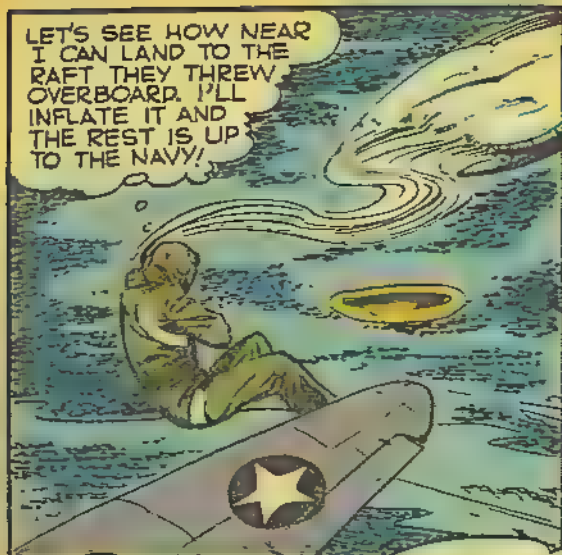
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET A THRILL OUT OF A **DEMOTION!**



HERE'S WHERE YOU'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH THE CONVOY. YOU'LL GET YOUR INSTRUCTIONS DIRECT FROM ADMIRAL HARVEY! **GOOD LUCK!**

THANK YOU-COLONE!



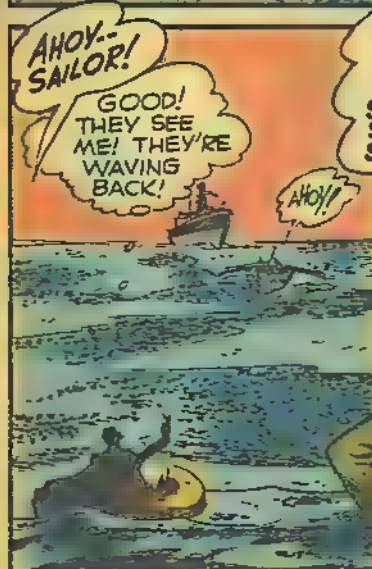


LET'S SEE HOW NEAR I CAN LAND TO THE RAFT THEY THREW OVERBOARD. I'LL INFLATE IT AND THE REST IS UP TO THE NAVY!



AN HOUR PASSES

I SURE HOPE THE NAVY DIDN'T GET ITS SIGNALS MIXED! WAIT-- I THINK I SEE-- YES, IT *IS* A SHIP HEADING THIS WAY!



AHOY-- SAILOR!

GOOD! THEY SEE ME! THEY'RE WAVING BACK!

AHOY!!

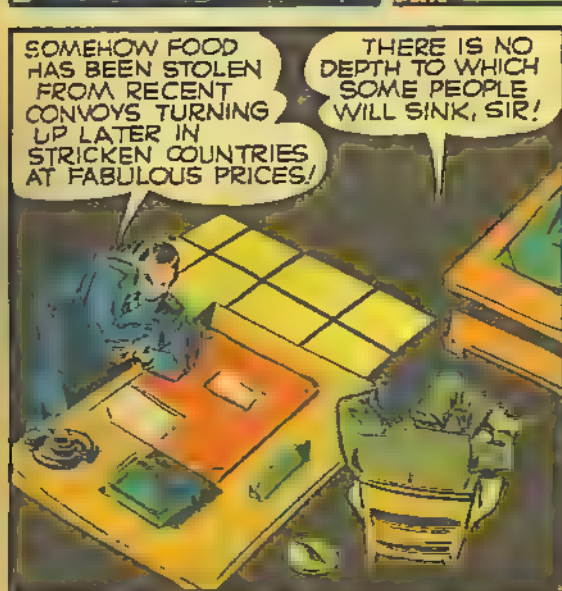
THANKS, SAILOR! THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PASS ME UP-- SERGEANT BELL, SURVIVOR OF SUNK TRANSPORT--

IN YOU GO, SARGE, YOU'RE TO REPORT BACK ON BOARD TO REAR ADMIRAL HARVEY FOR QUESTIONING AS SOON AS WE REACH SHIP!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

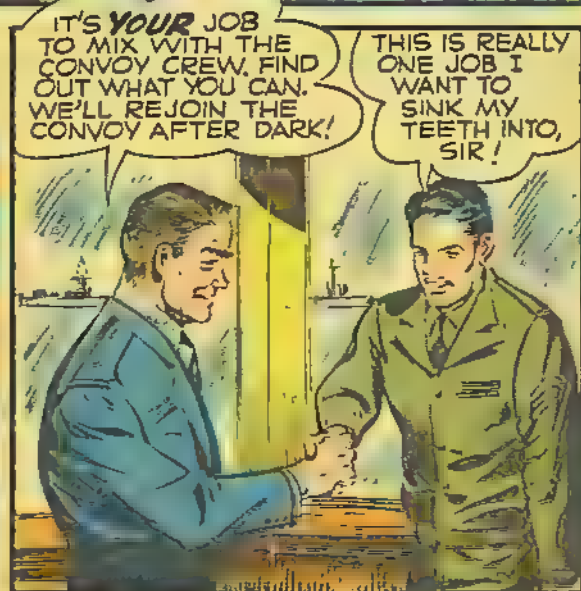
SERGEANT BELL REPORTING, SIR!

AT EASE, SERGEANT! SIT DOWN AND I'LL GO OVER THE INSTRUCTIONS!



SOMEHOW FOOD HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM RECENT CONVOYS TURNING UP LATER IN STRICKEN COUNTRIES AT FABULOUS PRICES!

THERE IS NO DEPTH TO WHICH SOME PEOPLE WILL SINK, SIR!



IT'S *YOUR* JOB TO MIX WITH THE CONVOY CREW. FIND OUT WHAT YOU CAN. WE'LL REJOIN THE CONVOY AFTER DARK!

THIS IS REALLY ONE JOB I WANT TO SINK MY TEETH INTO, SIR!

WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION, SERGEANT BELL IS TRANSFERRED TO A MERCHANT SHIP...

I'M SCIBILI. YOU'RE NEW HERE, SAILOR. HOW COME?

YEAH, I WAS TRANSFERRED TO THIS SHIP BECAUSE YOU'RE SHORT OF HANDS.

LATE THAT NIGHT ~

SOMEONE'S LEAVING HIS HAMMOCK! IT'S SCIBILI AND ANOTHER GUY! I'D BETTER FOLLOW 'EM!

HEADING FOR THE BRIDGE! WHAT THE DEVIL CAN THEY BE UP TO?

THAT WILL QUIET YOU DOWN! NOSEY GUYS ARE GOOD FOR THE SHARKS!

O-W-W-W!
UH-H-H!

NOW TO GET RID OF YOU, PAL! SCIBILI WAS RIGHT!

--WHAT A SURPRISE YOU'RE GONNA GET, RAT!

OVER THE RAIL-- UH-- YOU'RE--

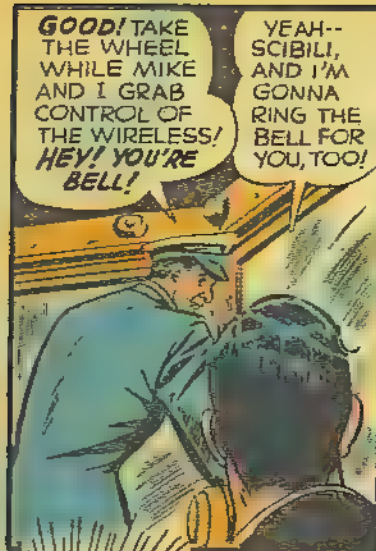
YEAH? YOU'LL HAVE TO HIT ME HARDER! GO AHEAD AND CALL YOUR PALS!

THAT OUGHT TO SHUT YOUR TRAP FOR AWHILE--

OW-W-W!
NO, DON'T LET ME--
AY-Y-Y-Y!

THAT YOU, CZINKO?

YEAH, SCIBILI! I GOT RID OF THAT NOSEY GUY! HOW'S EVERYTHING GOING?



GOOD! TAKE THE WHEEL WHILE MIKE AND I GRAB CONTROL OF THE WIRELESS! HEY! YOU'RE BELL!

YEAH-- SCIBILI, AND I'M GONNA RING THE BELL FOR YOU, TOO!



OOOFF! OH-UH! SHOOT HIM, MIKE!

GET OUT OF THE WAY! I'LL HIT YOU, SCIBILI!



UH--AH. AUGH!

THANKS, MIKE! THAT SHOT WILL FINISH HIM!

PULLED A FAST ONE, HUH? THE NEXT SLUG IS FOR YOU!



OUGH! MY HAND!

SCIBILI IS A PAL! I DIDN'T EXPECT HE'D BE SO USEFUL!



HERE'S WHERE YOU GO OVERBOARD, WISE GUY!

SO I'LL BE ALL WET LIKE YOU, MIKE? TRY IT!

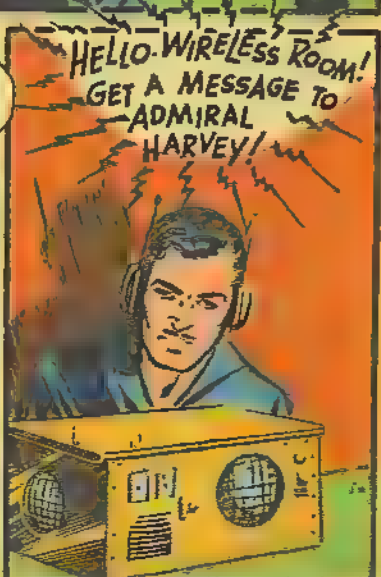


AH-EEEE--UH!

THIS WILL QUEER YOUR GAME FOR AWHILE, MIKE! NOW, I'LL SEE WHAT'S COOKIN' ON THE BRIDGE!



CAPTAIN AND FIRST AND SECOND MATES SHOT TO DEATH! MUTINY IS A SERIOUS CRIME, BUT MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS IS PUNISHABLE BY HANGING!



HELLO WIRELESS ROOM! GET A MESSAGE TO ADMIRAL HARVEY!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

GOOD WORK, BELL, BUT YOU'RE NOT THROUGH YET! THIS MESSAGE FOUND ON SCIBILI IS INSTRUCTIONS FOR HIJACKING THIS SHIP!

I THOUGHT WE HADN'T FOUND THE BIG SHOT OF THIS ROTTEN RACKET, SIR!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF FROM ONE OF OUR ESCORT CARRIERS. CAN YOU FLY A GLIDER?

YES, SIR! THERE'S A CARRIER ON OUR PORT BOW! WE'LL PULL ALONGSIDE HER!

RADIO MY FLAGSHIP AS SOON AS YOU SIGHT THE PIRATES, SERGEANT BELL. I HAVE REASON TO THINK THEY'D DETECT PLANE MOTORS!

OKAY, SIR. I'M READY!

SERGEANT BELL IS CATAPULTED ON A DEADLY MISSION IN A MOTORLESS PLANE!

LUCKY THERE'S A FRESH WIND. I'LL NEED IT!

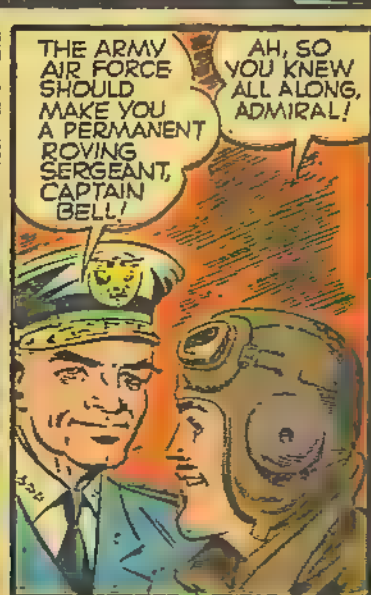
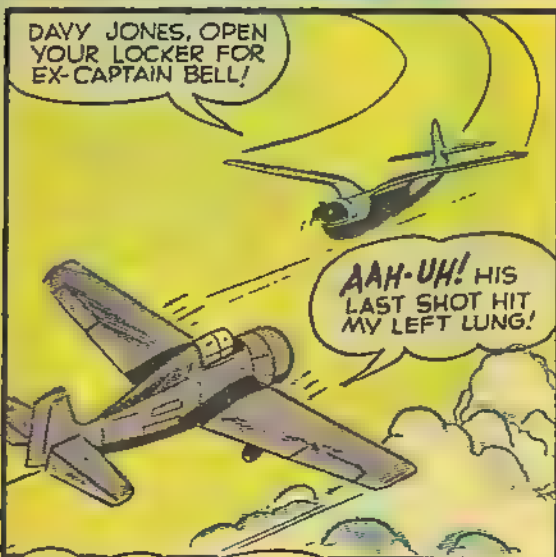
WITH EXPERT HANDLING, SERGEANT BELL SOARS THE FLIMSY CRAFT FOR MILES THROUGH THE SWIRLING AIR CURRENTS.

THIS IS THE POSITION! I'LL HAVE TO DIVE OUT OF THE CLOUDS!

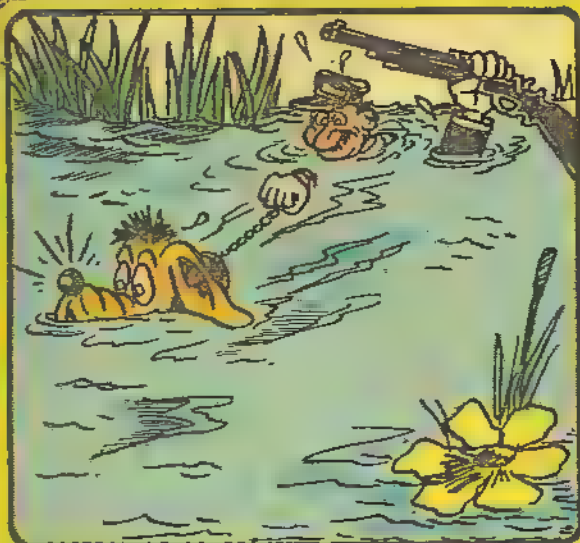
THERE'S A SHIP BELOW! MUST BE THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR, BUT I CAN'T TELL FROM HERE. HAVE TO GLIDE DOWN AND RISK BEING SHOT!

--AN OLD FREIGHTER CONVERTED INTO A FLAT-TOP! THEY HIJACK THE CARGOES AND THEN SEND A PLANE TO SINK THE CONVOY SHIP!

SERGEANT BELL CALLING ADMIRAL HARVEY!



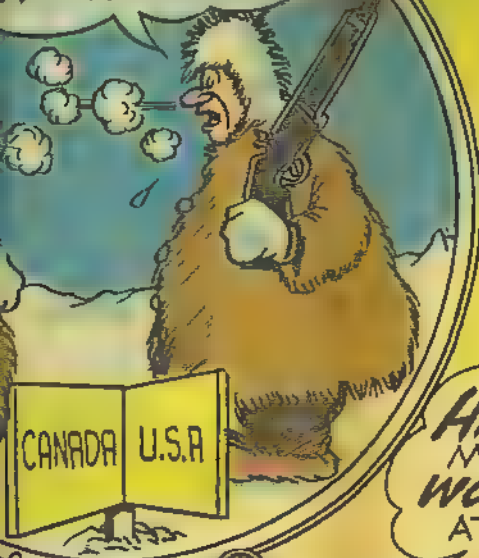
LAUGH



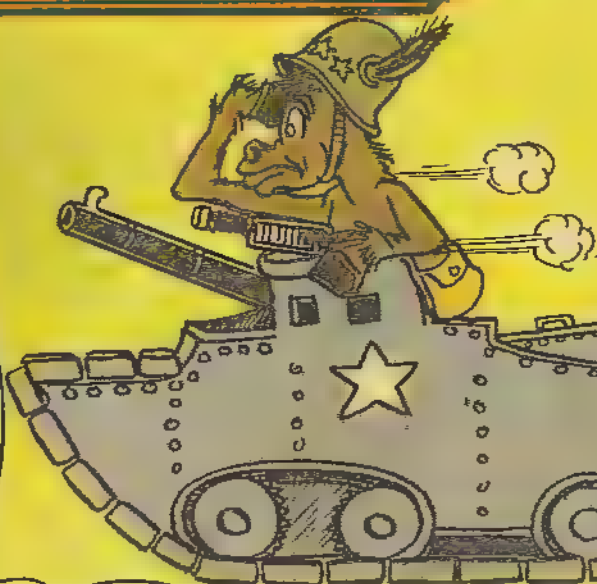
AUGHIS

HE GOT A DIRECT
COMMISSION WHEN
THEY **MECHANIZED**
THE **CAVALRY!**

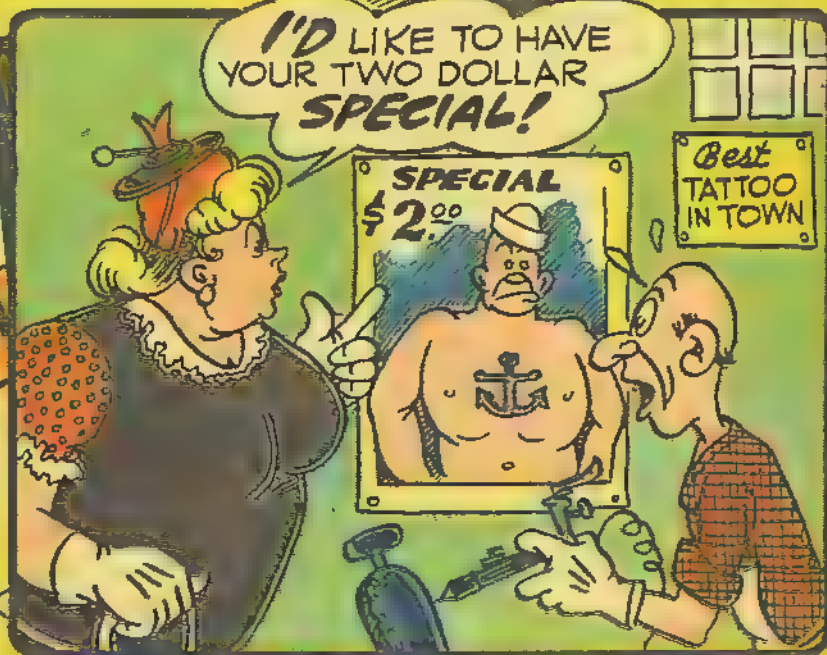
GLAD I DON'T HAVE
A POST! I HEAR IT
IS PRETTY COLD
IN CANADA!



HMMM--
MAYBE HE
WOULD DO,
AT THAT!



I'D LIKE TO HAVE
YOUR TWO DOLLAR
SPECIAL!





MANY MEN MIGHT HAVE MURDERED THE RAINBOW CHASER BUT **YANKEE BOY** NARROWED THE LIST DOWN TO TWO SUSPECTS. TROUBLE DOUBLED WHEN HE REFUSED TO REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY AS **VIC MARTIN**. THEN HE WAS ON THE SPOT, FOR IF HE COULDN'T EXPOSE THE KILLER, THE POLICE WOULD EXPOSE **YANKEE BOY** AS JUST A NEIGHBORHOOD KID!

YANKEE BOY



BE HOME BY NINE, VICTOR! YOU WON'T LEARN ANYTHING FROM DICK HUGHES. HE'S A RAINBOW CHASER!

OKAY, MOM, BUT DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME!



DICK'S VOICE WAS CHEERFUL FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS. THE GEOLOGIST'S REPORT HAD HIM BADLY WORRIED.



BEFORE VIC MARTIN REACHES HIS FRIENDS' HOUSE....

YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, DICK AND NO ONE WILL SUSPECT IT WASN'T SUICIDE!



NO WITNESSES, NO FINGERPRINTS. WE DIDN'T STRIKE OIL SO YOU SHOT YOURSELF, SO LONG, PARTNER!



THAT KID! IF HE SEES ME...NO, HE DOESN'T. BUT I'D BETTER DUCK BACK AND WATCH HIM.

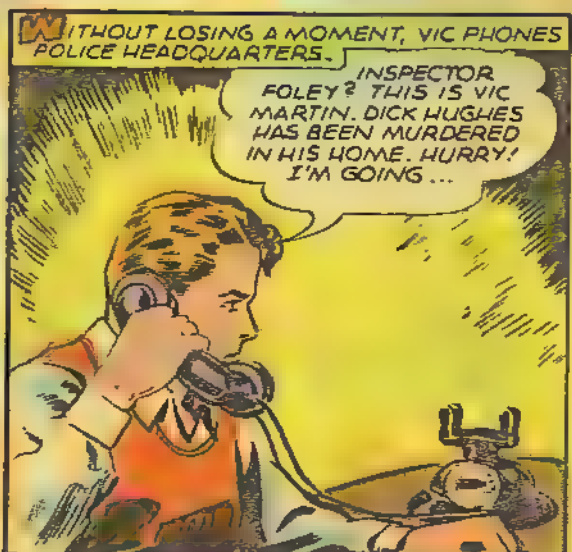


GUESS DICK UNLOCKED THE DOOR AFTER PHONING ME. ER, HUH? THAT SHARP SMELL! GUN SMOKE!



DICK! OH, GOSH - IT CAN'T BE SUICIDE! HE TOLD ME TO COME OVER AND HEAR THE GOOD NEWS!

THE KID IS SUSPICIOUS! HE'S GOT TO MEET A FATAL ACCIDENT!



WITHOUT LOSING A MOMENT, VIC PHONES POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

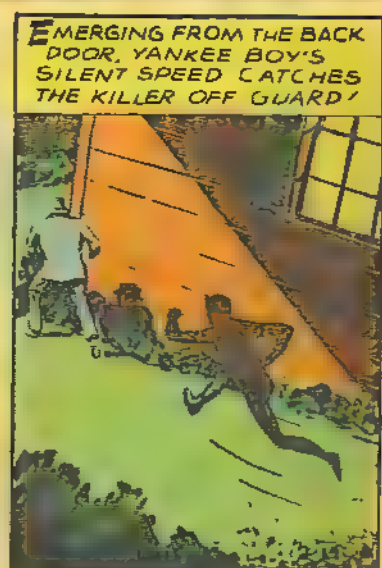
INSPECTOR FOLEY? THIS IS VIC MARTIN. DICK HUGHES HAS BEEN MURDERED IN HIS HOME. HURRY! I'M GOING ...



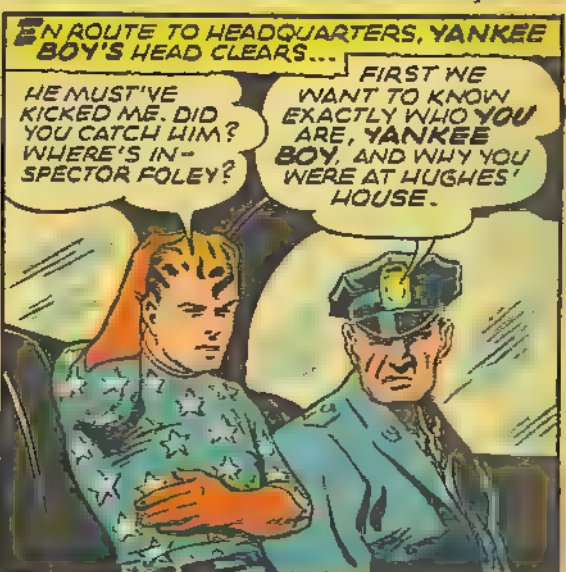
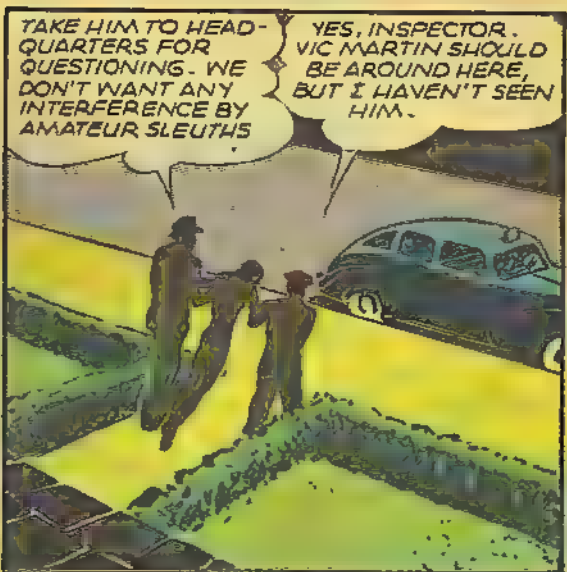
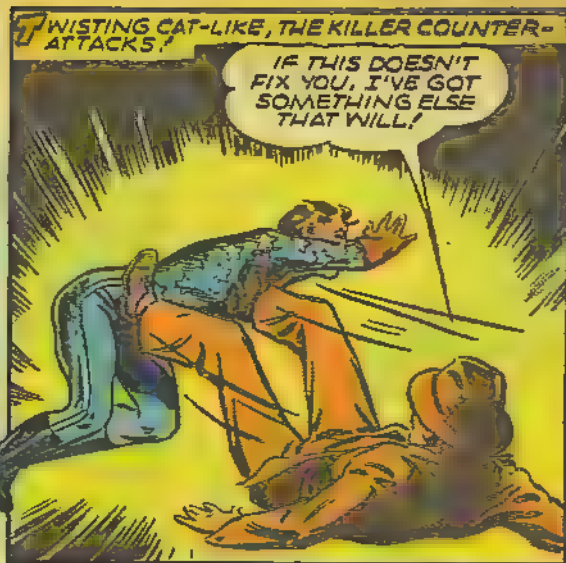
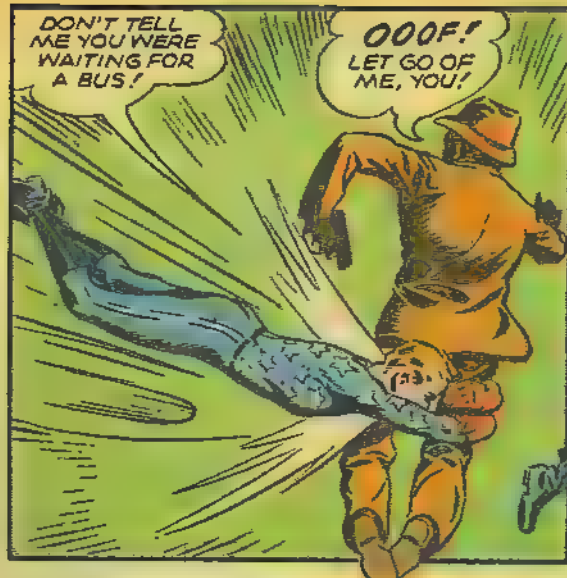
DISCONNECTED! HEY, WHAT THE DEUCE? SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON!

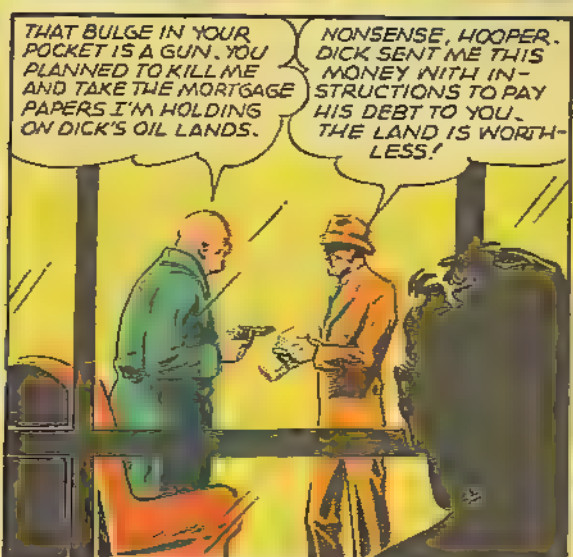
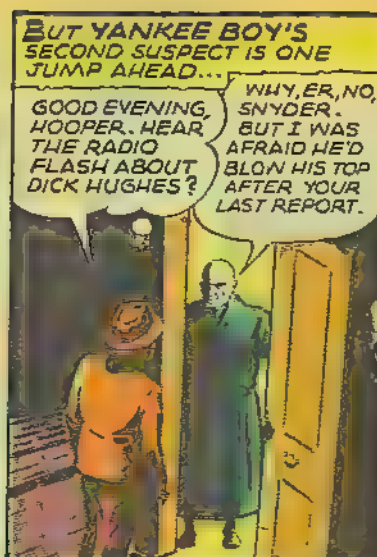


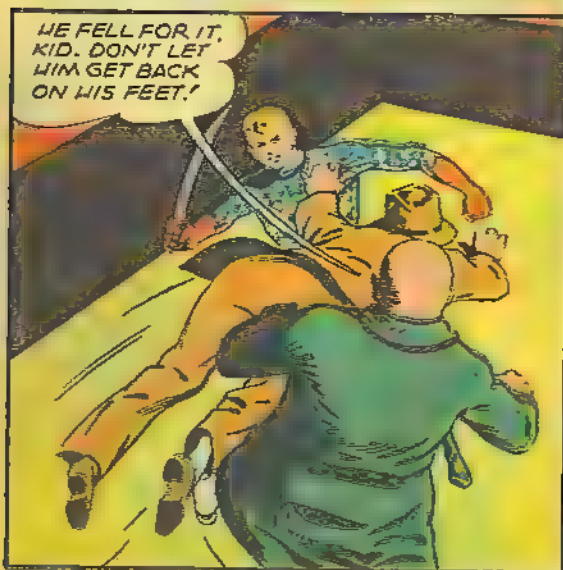
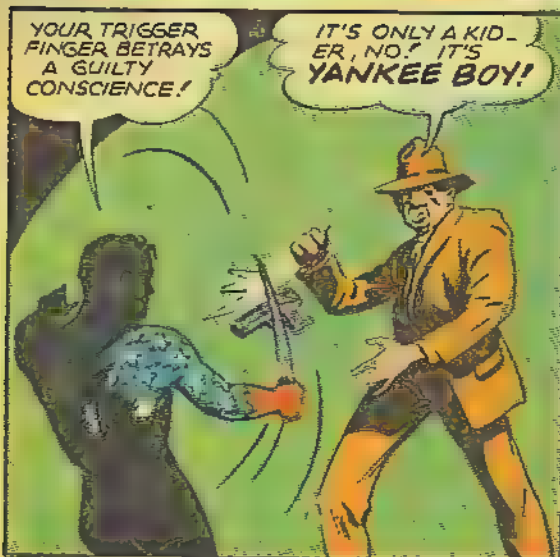
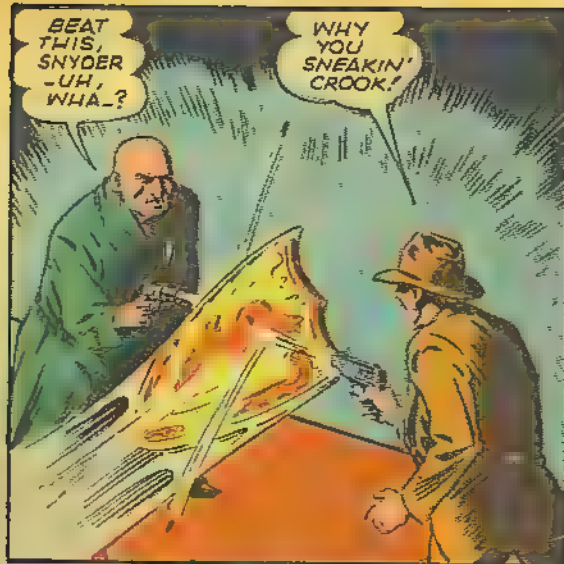
LUCKY I HAD MY YANKEE BOY SUIT UNDERNEATH. IF THE MURDERER IS WAITING OUTSIDE FOR VIC MARTIN, I'LL SURPRISE HIM!

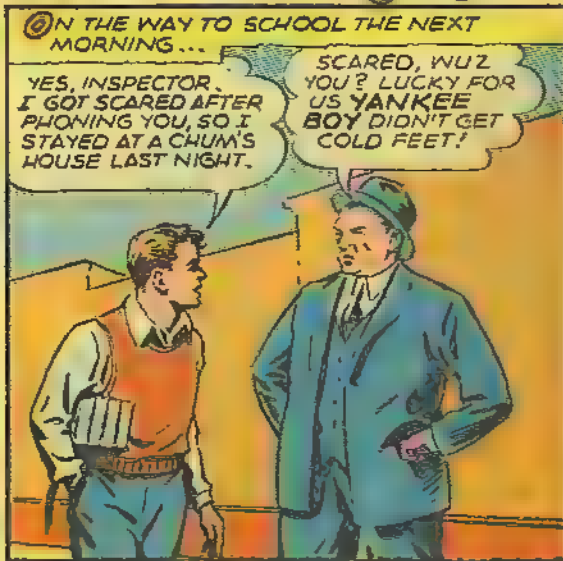
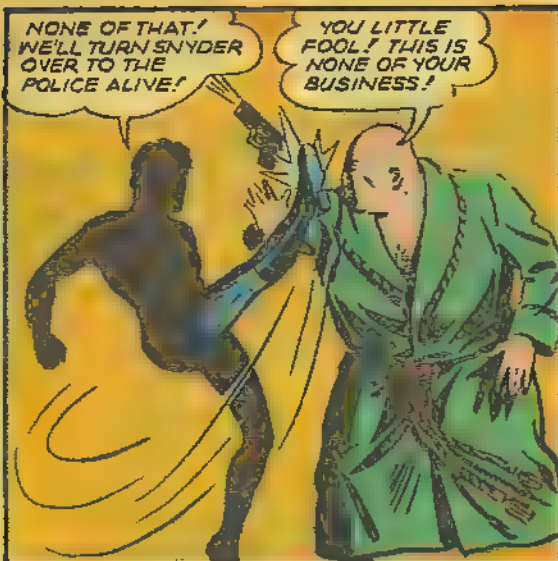


EMERGING FROM THE BACK DOOR, YANKEE BOY'S SILENT SPEED CATCHES THE KILLER OFF GUARD!











Science in ethical hands is a tremendous power for good, but a terrible force for evil when the scientist is a criminal~

THIS CORNELL ELECTRON IS THE GREATEST FORCE KNOWN! WHEN I FIND A PROTON TO USE WITH IT--THURSTON--!

YOU'RE A GENIUS, PROFESSOR CORNELL!

--BUT A DEAD ONE! YOUR NEW DEVELOPMENT IS NOW THE THURSTON ELECTRON!



Professor Harvey Cornell, brilliant and generous



His assistant, Bram Thurston, selfish and egotistical



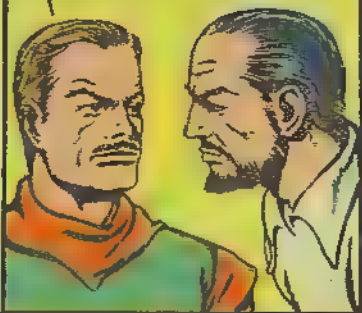
YOUR OWN INVENTION
WILL DESTROY
YOUR BODY!

NOW TO CALL ON
DR. CARTER! HE'LL
FIND THE **PROTON**!



DR. CARTER, IF
A **PROTON** CAN
BE FOUND FOR
THE THURSTON
ELECTRON THE
SPEED OF SPACE
CRAFT CAN BE
INCREASED A
MILLION-FOLD!

I HAVE A
LABORATORY
ON MARS.
LET US GO
THERE
AND
WORK!



Three weeks later--in Dr.
Carter's Mars laboratory--

I'VE GOT IT,
THURSTON! THE
NEW **PROTON**'S
POWER IS
TERRIFIC! IT
CAN BE USED
IN THE SPACE
SHIP, TOO!

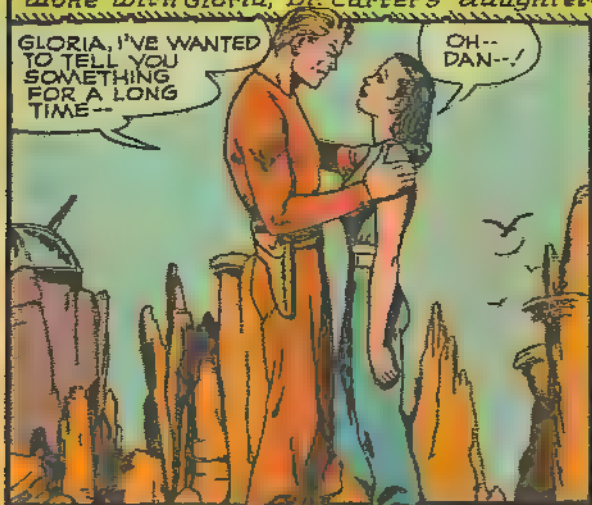
GOOD! I'LL
CONTINUE
TO WORK
ALONE IN
THIS ROOM
ON FRICTION
CONTROL!



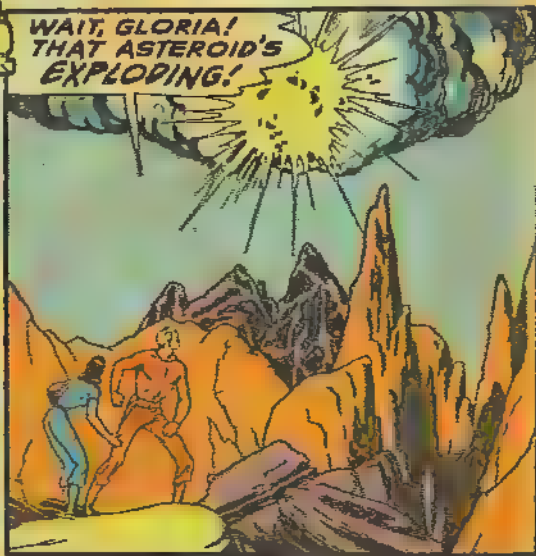
Meanwhile, at a nearby hotel, Dr. Carter's
personal navigator, Dan Hastings, is
alone with Gloria, Dr. Carter's daughter--

GLORIA, I'VE WANTED
TO TELL YOU
SOMETHING
FOR A LONG
TIME--

OH--
DAN--!



WAIT, GLORIA!
THAT **ASTEROID'S**
EXPLODING!

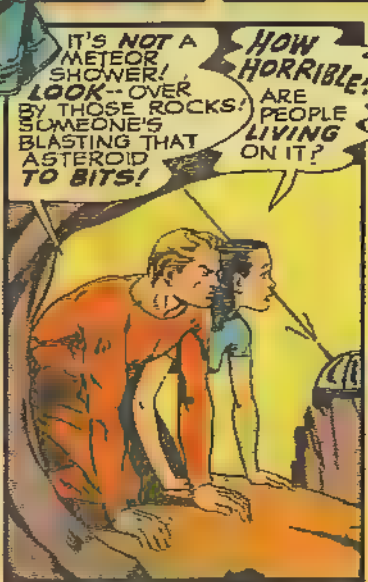


**DUCK UNDER
THIS ROCK!**
IT'S A METEOR
SHOWER!



IT'S NOT A
METEOR
SHOWER!
LOOK-- OVER
BY THOSE ROCKS!
SOMEONE'S
BLASTING THAT
ASTEROID
TO BITS!

**HOW
HORRIBLE!**
ARE
PEOPLE
LIVING
ON IT?



PEOPLE WERE
LIVING ON IT!
THEY'RE **DEAD**
NOW! I DON'T
LIKE IT!

LET'S GET
BACK AND
SEE IF
DAD'S
ALL RIGHT!





DAD!

DAN, PLACE THURSTON UNDER ARREST! HE'S MADE A RAY CANNON OUT OF THE OBSERVATORY TELESCOPE!

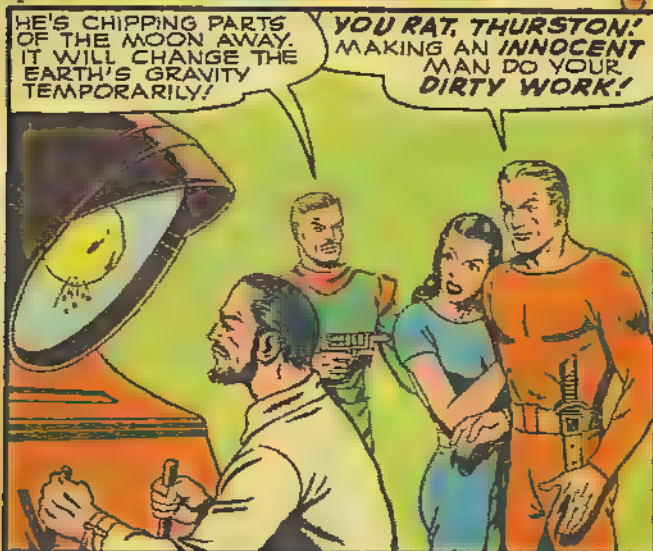
NO YOU DON'T! THIS THURSTON GUN CAN DO THE SAME TO YOU AS THE CANNON DID TO THE ASTEROID! NOW WATCH OUR FRIEND CARTER!



Three minutes later--

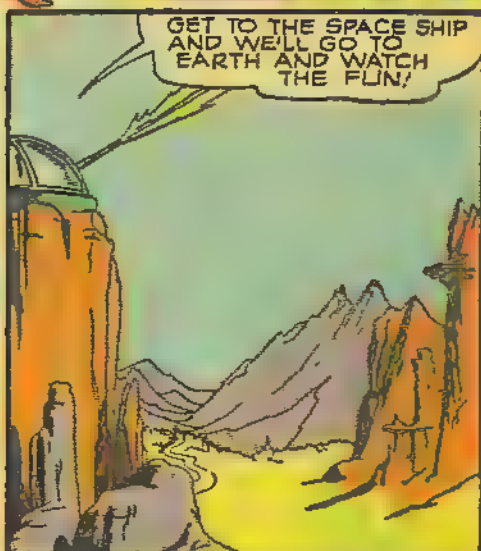
CARTER IS WIRED AND DIRECTED BY REMOTE CONTROL!

OH, NO!



HE'S CHIPPING PARTS OF THE MOON AWAY. IT WILL CHANGE THE EARTH'S GRAVITY TEMPORARILY!

YOU RAT, THURSTON! MAKING AN INNOCENT MAN DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!



GET TO THE SPACE SHIP AND WE'LL GO TO EARTH AND WATCH THE FUN!



DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY HASTINGS! I CAN STILL CONTROL CARTER FROM THIS SHIP!

WITH CARTER IN YOUR HANDS, I DON'T DARE!



Washington, D.C., U.S.A.--

YOU WILL BE LOCKED IN THIS SHIP IF YOU OPEN A SINGLE DOOR, THE SHIP WILL BLOW UP!

YOU HOLD ALL THE CARDS, THURSTON!



WITH THEM SAFELY IMPRISONED, I'M OFF TO SEE THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

Thirty minutes later--

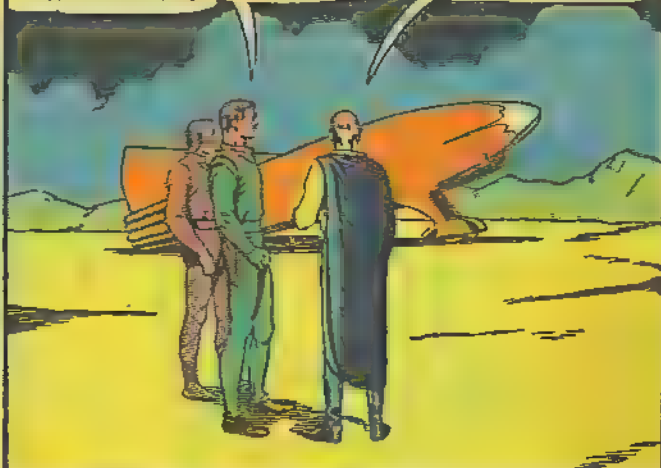
MR. PRESIDENT, I CAN **STOP** THIS DISASTER! I HAVE FOUND ITS **CAUSE!** BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO **SEE** IT TO BELIEVE!

VERY WELL, MR. THURSTON! LEAD THE WAY!



THIS IS HASTINGS' SHIP. HE IS IN LEAGUE WITH DR. CARTER TO CONTROL THE EARTH!

DR. CARTER? DAN HASTINGS? **IMPOSSIBLE!**



Inside--

LOOK! I'VE PUSHED THIS SWITCH. IT IS HASTING'S SIGNAL TO CARTER THAT THE EARTH HAS COME TO TERMS!

ALL THE RUMBLING HAS STOPPED!



IT'S A LIE, MR. PRESIDENT! I CAN **PROVE** IT!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH. MAJOR, PLACE THESE TWO UNDER ARREST!



THE GOVERNMENT WILL **HONOR** YOU, THURSTON! HOW DID YOU **DISCOVER** THIS PLOT?

THEY INTERFERED WITH MY TELEVISION EXPERIMENTS. I PICKED UP THEIR PLOT ON MY SET, THEN SURPRISED AND OVERCAME THEM!



DAN, I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING! IT'S JUST A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND!

WHAT COULD YOU DO?



I WANT TO MAKE A **CONFESSION!** MAY I TELL BRAM THURSTON **PRIVATELY?**

UNUSUAL, BUT WE SHALL WAIT OUTSIDE THE SHIP FOR YOU!



I CAN'T HELP **TELLING** YOU-- BRAM-- TO THE **VICTOR--**

--WELL, DARLING! THIS IS A **SURPRISE!**





NOW IT'S *OUR* TURN, THURSTON! IF YOU MAKE A *FALSE* MOVE, I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

YOU DEVIL!



A few minutes later--

MARS NEXT STOP, DAN!

NICE GOING, GLORIA!



At the Mars laboratory--

THERE, MR. PRESIDENT!

EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED! CARTER CAUSING THE TROUBLE



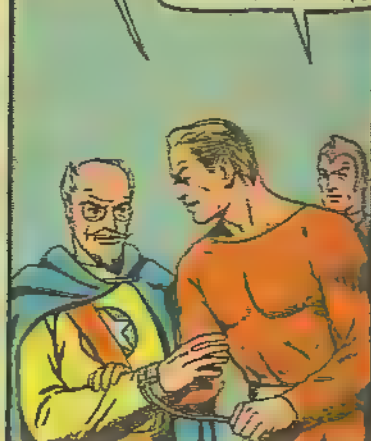
BUT WHEN I TURN OFF THE POWER, DR. CARTER FALLS UNCONSCIOUS!

THEY'RE FAKING!



PERHAPS THIS WILL PROVE MY POINT!

YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS GROSS INDIGNITY TO OUR PRESIDENT!



THERE-- OUR PRESIDENT IN DR. CARTER'S SHOES!

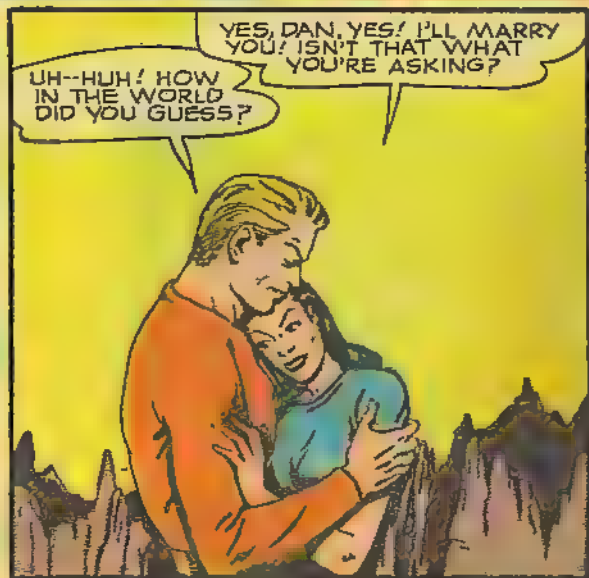
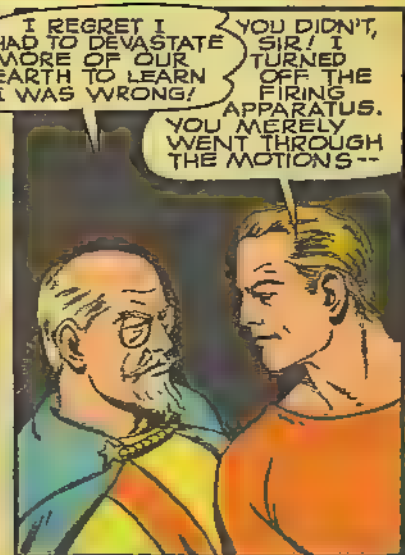
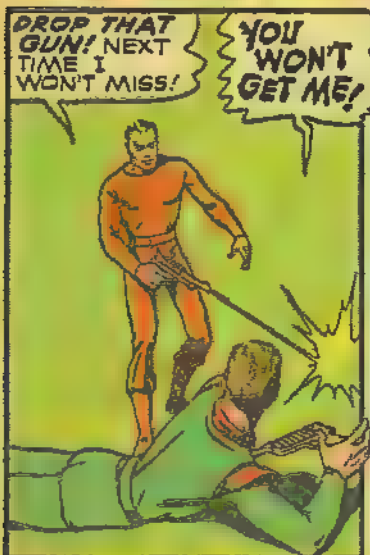
STOP! STOP! I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH! I'M CONVINCED!

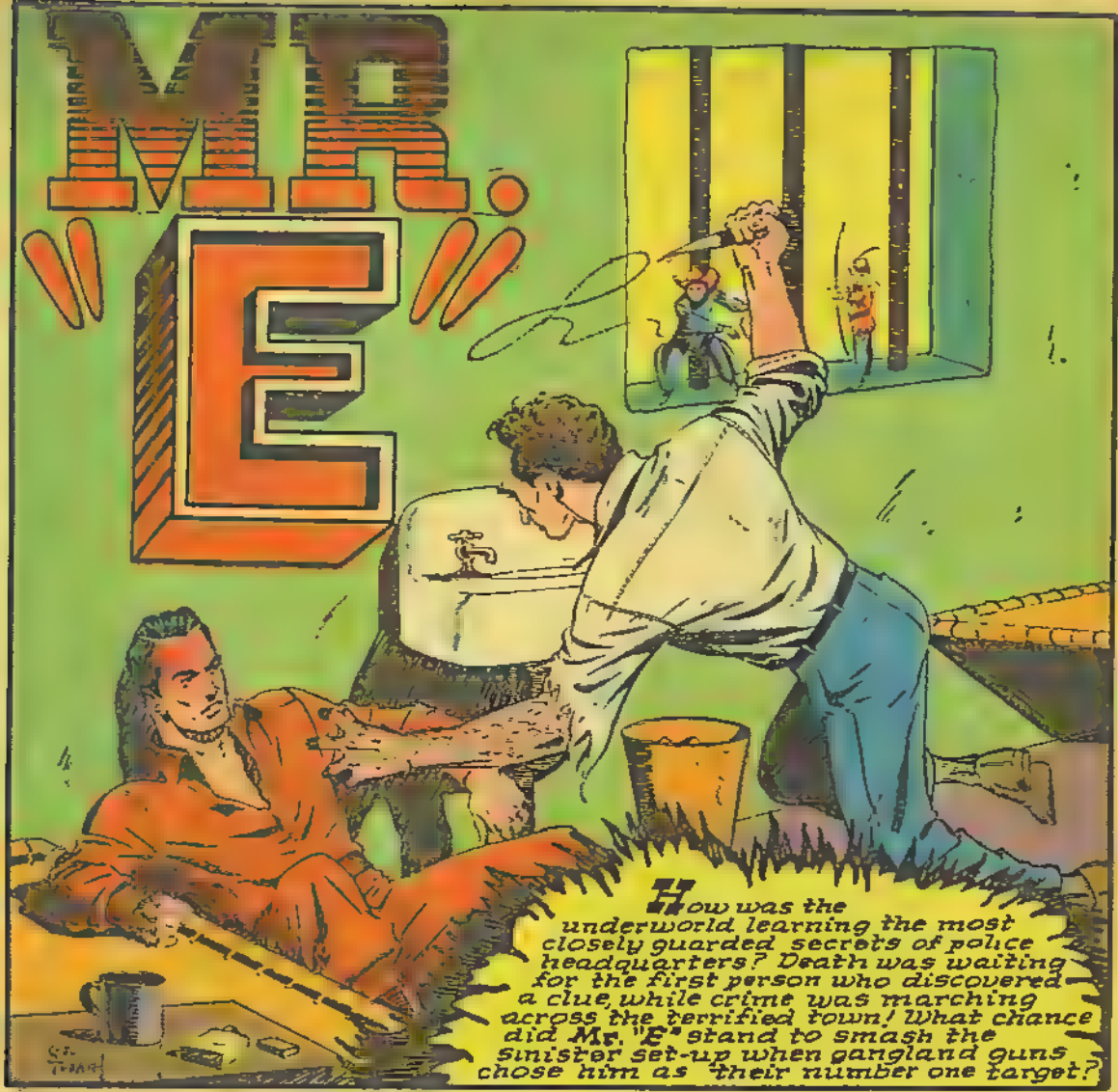


GIVE ME THAT GUN--

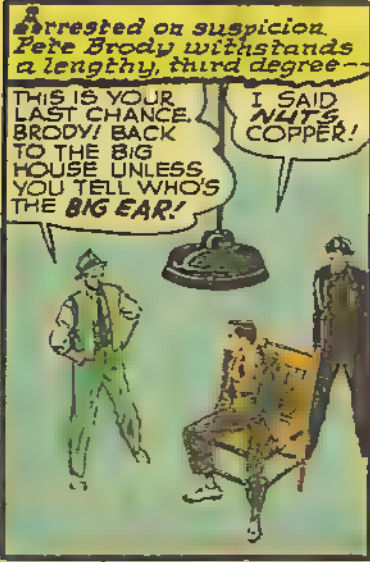
DAN! LOOK OUT!







How was the underworld learning the most closely guarded secrets of police headquarters? Death was waiting for the first person who discovered a clue, while crime was marching across the terrified town! What chance did Mr. "E" stand to smash the sinister set-up when gangland guns chose him as their number one target?



Arrested on suspicion, Pete Brody withstands a lengthy, third degree--

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, BRODY! BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE UNLESS YOU TELL WHO'S THE **BIG EAR!**

I SAID **NUTS**, COPPER!



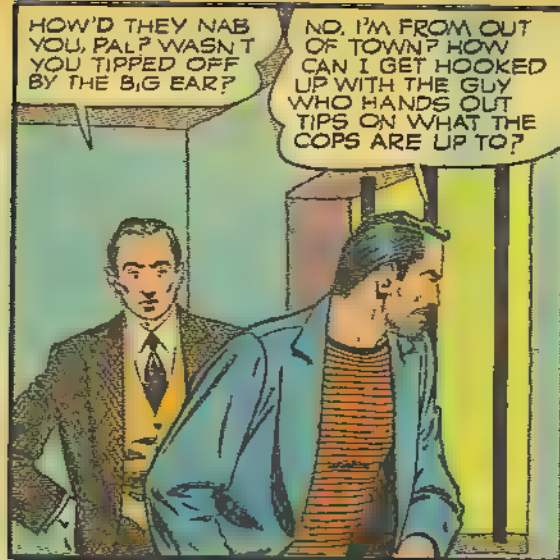
IT'S NO USE, RILEY! THROW HIM IN WITH THAT BURGLAR IN CELL 17!

GET MOVIN', YOU!



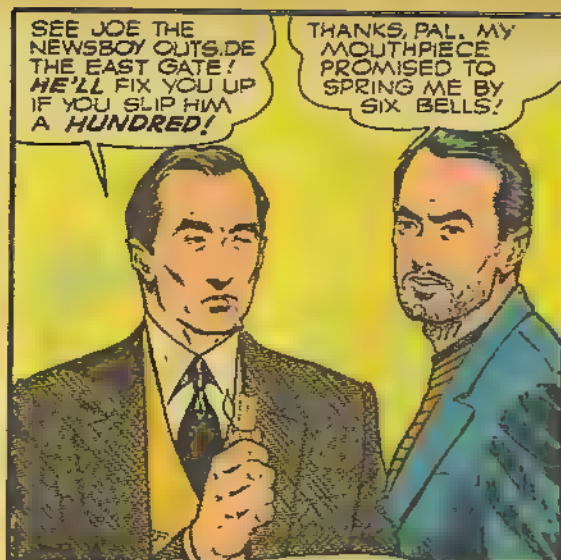
But the burglar in 17 is none other than Mr. "E" in disguise --

COME RIGHT IN, CHUM! I WAS GETTIN' LONESOME



HOW'D THEY NAB YOU, PAL? WASN'T YOU TIPPED OFF BY THE BIG EAR?

NO, I'M FROM OUT OF TOWN? HOW CAN I GET HOOKED UP WITH THE GUY WHO HANDS OUT TIPS ON WHAT THE COPS ARE UP TO?



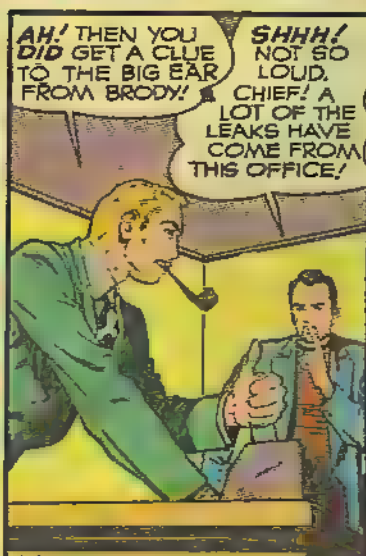
SEE JOE THE NEWSBOY OUTS DE THE EAST GATE! HE'LL FIX YOU UP IF YOU SLIP HIM A **HUNDRED!**

THANKS, PAL. MY MOUTHPIECE PROMISED TO SPRING ME BY SIX BELLS!



I'LL BE SEEIN' YA ON THE OUTSIDE, FELLA!

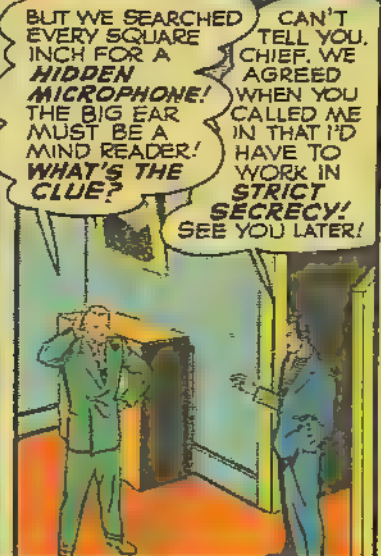
YEAH- THEY CAN'T HOLD ME FOR PAROLE VIOLATION!



AH! THEN YOU DID GET A CLUE TO THE BIG EAR FROM BRODY!

SHHH! NOT SO LOUD.

CHIEF! A LOT OF THE LEAKS HAVE COME FROM THIS OFFICE!

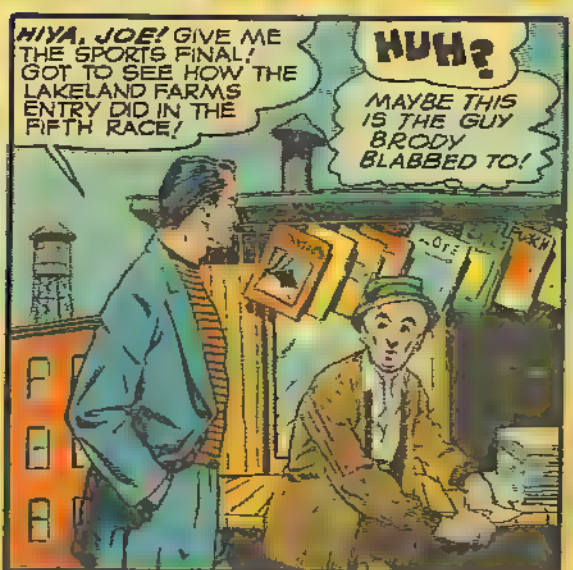


BUT WE SEARCHED EVERY SQUARE INCH FOR A **HIDDEN MICROPHONE!** THE BIG EAR MUST BE A MIND READER! **WHAT'S THE CLUE?**

CAN'T TELL YOU, CHIEF. WE AGREED WHEN YOU CALLED ME IN THAT I'D HAVE TO WORK IN **STRICT SECRECY!** SEE YOU LATER!



THE BIG EAR MUST HAVE WARNED JOE THE NEWSBOY! I'LL DASH AROUND THE BLOCK SO HE WON'T THINK I CAME ACROSS FROM HEADQUARTERS!



HIYA, JOE! GIVE ME THE SPORTS FINAL! GOT TO SEE HOW THE LAKELAND FARMS ENTRY DID IN THE FIFTH RACE!

HUH?

MAYBE THIS IS THE GUY BRODY BLABBED TO!

I'M FROM OUT OF TOWN, JOE. MY PAL TOLD ME YOU COULD HOOK ME IN ON THE BIG EAR'S GRAPEVINE!

YEAH-- YEAH, SURE! GO TO A GARAGE -AT ONE-SIXTY MARKET STREET. ASK FOR MIKE, AN' WATCH OUT, YOU AIN'T BEIN' FOLLOWED!



LISTEN, CHIEF! HAVE ONE OF YOUR MEN WATCH JOE THE NEWSBOY. HE MAY BE THE BIG EAR! HE SLIPPED UP BY NOT ASKING ME FOR A HUNDRED WHEN HE GAVE ME AN ADDRESS!



After Mr. "E" leaves the neighborhood, Joe arouses the suspicion of a disguised plainclothesman--

HOLD IT, JOE! KEEP YOUR HANDS IN SIGHT!

HUH?

OKAY, GUMSHOE! IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!



THEY'LL THROW ME IN THE CLINK, BUT THEY CAN'T MAKE ME TELL YOU WHY YOU WUZ KILLED!



THAT WAS A TOMMY GUN-- FIRED FROM ACROSS THE STREET!

CALL THE RIOT SQUAD! WE'LL HAVE TO SURROUND THE BLOCK!



WHO WAS SHOOTIN' THAT CHOPPER, JOE?

I AIN'T GOT THE FAINTEST IDEA, COPPER!



Meanwhile, Mr. "E" rushes home where he discards his disguise and descends to the subterranean temple of his ancient idol--

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING KOLAH, A TRAP HAS BEEN SET FOR ME AT ONE-SIXTY MARKET STREET. I BESEECH YOU FOR AID IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE!





SO THAT'S THE TRAP! A GUNMAN HIDING IN A DUMMY GAS PUMP!

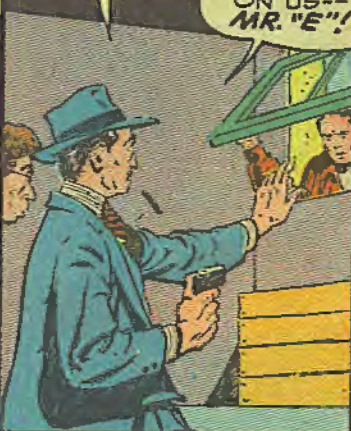
HEY! LOOK AT THEM BLACKBIRDS, JAKE!

SOMETHIN'S SCREWY! WHY THEY FLYIN' IN THE DOOR?



THEM BIRDS! THEY DISAPPEARED!

YEAH, MIKE-- BUT LOOK AT WHO'S TRYIN' TO SNEAK IN ON US-- MR. "E"!



As Mr. "E" hastens to depart, the idol dispatches two messengers of justice in the shape of blackbirds--



I'LL SURPRISE THE GANG AT THE GARAGE FROM THE REAR!

By weird magic, the messengers of justice change from birds to tiny men--

OUCH! WHO PEGGED THAT WRENCH, MIKE?

WHA--! AM I DREAMING OR ARE THEM CREATURES REAL?



YOU'LL BE DREAMING UNTIL YOU WAKE UP AT HEADQUARTERS, MIKE!



AND WHO SAYS YOU HAVEN'T ANY KICK COMING! I'LL TAKE YOUR ROD, MISTER!

CHIEF! SEND THE WAGON TO ONE-SIXTY MARKET STREET. I'VE GOT TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO!



As the hidden assassin steps out to investigate, Mr. "E's" assistants get the jump on him!

HEY.. WHAT?!
OOW!
MY WRIST!!

SIRENS! HERE COME THE COPS!

GAS



I HOPE THE ARREST OF THESE BIRDS BREAKS A LINK IN THE BIG EAR'S CHAIN, MR. "E".

I'M FOLLOWING YOU BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!



LOOK! A CAR BLOCKING THE STREET AHEAD OF THE PATROL WAGON!



THE BIG EAR MUST'VE SENT OUT A RESCUE SQUAD, BUT THE COPS ARE GIVING 'EM THE WORST OF IT!



TRIED TO HIJACK YOUR CAPTIVES, EH?

YEAH--WHEN THE BIG EAR HEARS ABOUT THIS, HE'LL ORDER HIS MOB TO LOOT THE CITY!



Reaching headquarters--

RIP THE FELT PAD OFF THE BASE OF YOUR PHONE, CHIEF. THE BIG EAR COULDN'T HAVE HEARD MY CALL UNLESS--

BUT WE CHECKED THE WIRES FOR A TAP, MR. "E".



A MIKE THAT PICKED UP EVERY WORD SPOKEN IN THIS OFFICE OR ON THE PHONE! THE WIRES WERE TAPPED!

GIVE ME THE KEYS TO THE EAST CELL BLOCK. THE BIG EAR IS ONE OF YOUR PRISONERS!



CHIEF! ONE OF THE GUYS MR. "E" NABBED WORKED HERE WITH THE ELECTRICIANS LAST MONTH!

THERE'S YOUR PROOF, CHIEF! NOW TO NAB THE BIG EAR!



YOU'VE BEEN HERE OVER A MONTH, LOGAN, AWAITING TRIAL FOR MURDER! MIND IF I LOOK UNDER YOUR WASH BASIN?

GO AHEAD. WHAT ARE YOU? THE EXTERMINATOR?



A SMALL EARPHONE! SO YOU ARE THE BIG EAR!

YEAH--BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE ME GET THE CHAIR!



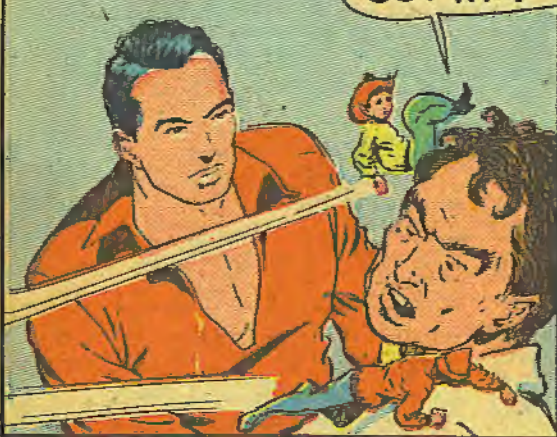
HOLD HIM, MR. "E"!

HE WON'T DROP ANY MORE TIP-OFF NOTES OUT THIS WINDOW!



MY LITTLE HELPERS GANGED UP ON YOU JUST IN TIME!

STOP! YOU'VE GOT ME!



Soon after The Big Ear signs a complete confession--

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING KOLAH, I HUMBL Y REPORT THAT WITH THE AID OF YOUR MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE, THE MENACE OF THE BIG EAR HAS BEEN DESTROYED!



It's a RULE

